# The Times-Dispatch

Published Daily and Weekly at No. North Tenth Street, Richmond, Va. Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as Second-Class Eatter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1979.

The DAILY TIMES-DISPATCH is sold at 2 cents a copy.

The SUNDAY TIMES-DISPATCH is

sold at 5 cents a copy.

DAILY TIMES-DISPATCH by mail-50 cents a month; \$5.00 a year, \$2.50 for six months; \$1.50 for three months. SUNDAY TIMES-DISPATCH by mail

\$2.00 a year.
The DAILY TIMES-DISPATCH, in cluding Sunday, in Richmond and Man-chester, by Carrier, 12 cents per week

r 50 cents per month. The SUNDAY TIMES-DISPATCH, by Carrier, 5 cents per week.
The WEEKLY TIMES-DISPATCH,

\$1.00 year.
All Onsigned Communications will be

Rejected Communications will not be returned unless accompanied by stamps.

Uptown Office at T. A. Miller's, No.
519 East Broad Street.

### TUESDAY, JUNE 16, 1903.

From June 1st the price of The Times Dispatch, delivered by carrier within the corporate limits of Richmond and Manchester, is 12 cents per week, or 50 cents

Persons leaving the city for the sum mer should order The Times-Dispatch to them. Price, 50 cents per

### THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

The whiskey question is now claiming attention of medical science and students of penology the world over. It is generally agreed that whiskey is a fruitful source of crime and of insanity. By order of the United States government a report of the proceedings of the Sixth International Prison Congress, held in Brussels two years ago, has just been published, in which it is stated that as an immediate and essential influence on crime, drinking exceeds any of the other Dr. Robert Jones, medical superinten-

dent of the Claybury Lunatic Asylum at London, recently made an exhibit, showing that of the 110,000 certified insane persons now in England and Wales alone, alcohol is assigned as the cause of insanity in 21.5 per cent, of the males and 9.5 per cent. of the females.

Taking this statement for a text, the New York Medical Record says that almost every country in the world is taking up the drink question, glarmed at the inreads which the unbridled consumption of alcohol has made and is making into the prosperity, health and morals of their

But more than all this, business men are insisting that their employes must be sober, knowing full well that the man who keeps his brain beclouded with alcohol is in no condition to do first-class

Society is also taking a hand, and while there is much drinking in social circles, in the best society of the country drunkenness is not tolerated.

perance is making rapid strides, and the the advocates of prohibition. The reform movement is progressing in a satisfactory manner, and it will continue to it be guided by conserva-e men. But if it run into extremes; if it be pushed ahead of public sentiment, there will be an unhealthy reaction and the noble cause will receive the drink evil is an enlightened public dence, and that is to be had by a campaign of education. Regulations of are necessary, but they should be the expression of public sentiment. Whenever we attempt the other process of creating sentiment by law, we attempt to put the cart before the horse, and we ara sure to fall.

# BY-GONE DAYS.

A suggestion has been made that our "oldest inhabitants" should form a club for the purpose of reviving their recollections of by-gone days, and setting straight matters of fact that are but dimly understood, or else are altogether unknown to the general public.

It is a good idea. In the first place,

it seems to us. that Richmond has an extraordinary number of citizens who are seventy-five years of age and over, and it happens that several of these have lived lives and filled positions that gave them uncommonly good opportunities to become acquainted with important de tails of local history. Most men can themselves entertaining by relating the experiences of their youth, and those who have long dwelt in Richmond have had a fine field for observation and the gathering of reminiscences. It they would get together now and then and talk informally-if they would interchange questions and answers-an expert stenographer might fill his note-book with valuable information for publica-

. Suppose we had had such a club in the days of Judge W. W. Crump, and that he and others of his stamp had chatted along reminiscently evening after evening ning, what a treasure-house of local story might we not have had with the aid of a good shorthand reporter!

Much that those worthles knew has been lost with them, but that only makes it all the more important that we should preservo what remains.

There are some highly interesting mer among the "oldest inhabitants." Are we to permit them to carry all their knowledge to the grave with them? We need not expect them to "write out" their reminiscences. Some of them have no expertness with the pen; others have not the time or strength to devote to

another's recollections. Oftentimes a hint, or question, or casual remark would end to a train of thought, or to a line of anecdote, that would prove delightful. As we have said, those who have spent many years of their lives here have had

opportunities for storing away valuable reminiscences, and they ought to be made to tell what they know. To etfect that end, we know of no better method than that which has been suggested-to-wit, meetings and reminiscental talks of men whose memories carry them back into the romantic and eventful period before the war.

Is not such an organization practicable? Is it not desirable? Why, certainly! Then why not have it?

### COTTON IS KING.

Statistics recently sent out by the Treas-ury Bureau in Washington show that the value of raw cotton exported in the eleven which is \$5,000,000 in excess of the highest record. Should the June figures equal those of June, 1902, the total value of the tecal year will be \$317,000,000, or \$4,000,000 in excess of the banner year, 1901.

The quantity is less, however, than in seme other years. The total quantity exported in the eleven months ended with May is 3,481,353,287 pounds, as against 3,203,621,478 pounds in the corresponding menths of 1901, when the value was but ts 000 000 less than at the present time, and 3,721,310,009 pounds in eleven months of 1898, when the value was but \$222,414,180 Thus the total quantity at the present time is 240,000,000 pounds less than that o the corresponding eleven months of 1898, but the value is \$86,000,000 in excess of the value for the corresponding period of that year.

The value of cotton manufactures exported has also increased, and this year will be a record breaker. The total value of cotton manufactures exported in the ten months ended with April is \$27,932,559, indicating that the total for the full fiscal year probably will be about \$34,000,000, as against \$33,000,000 in 1902, \$24,000,000 in 1900, \$10,000,000 in 1890, \$10,000,000 in 1880 and \$4,000,000 in 1870.

But there is one feature of the report that is not so encouraging. It is further stated that the importations of foreign cotton, chiefly Egyptian, are growing with remarkable rapidity, the importations in the present year being likely to reach 80,000,000 pounds, to which may be added 20,000,000 pounds of "flocks," or cotton waste, with a total valuation of about \$12,000,000, as against 43,000,000 pounds of raw cotton and 78,000 pounds of about waste imported in 1883, valued at less than \$5,000,000.

The South has had practically a monopoly of the cotton growing industry, and vill continue to supply at least the home demand for raw cotton so long as the supply from the plantations is abundant and cheap. But when the supply is not equal to the demand, and especially when the price is abnormally high, Southern planters may look out for foreign com-

### COMMERCIALISM AND DE-MOCRACY.

Mr. J. P. Morgan is reported to have said that if Mr. Roosevelt should be nominated for the presidency next year it would be impossible to raise \$10,000 for his re-election.

Of course, the Republican newspapers are pooh-poohing the statement, while it may be exaggerated, we have no doubt that there is much truth in it. We know well enough that many men in financial circles who were opposed to Mr. Bryan are now opposed to Mr. Roosevelt, and are hoping and praying that the Democrats will put up a safe, conservative man in whose behalf they may throw their influence, and so put Roosevelt out

of office.

It may be contended that this is commercialism. But commercialism necessarily plays a part in all of our national elections, and politicians must reckon with it. It is hardly necessary to say that The Times-Dispatch would not have the Democratic party renounce its principles in behalf of commercialism, but Times-Dispatch would have the Democratic party promulgate a platform containing sound commercial principles, principles which are entirely in accord with sound Democracy, and put forward as the nomines of the party a man in whose hands the commercial interests of do this thing it will have an opportunity to get control of all departments of government, and if after getting control it will pursue the same policy it will continua its rule for many years to come.

# WAS ALEXANDER A HERO?

Stephen Bonsal has written for the New York Herald an interesting article on the assassination of the Servian King and Queen, which sheds a new light upon the character of King Alexander. He know the boy King well, and admired him greatly, and he asserts that he died the death of a hero and a gentleman.

"To us," says he, "It may seem as no-thing in the land where manhood is com-mon, and the reverse rare, but the poli-tical world of Belgrade to-day, with its tical world of Belgrade to-day, with its close acquaintance with every variety obseness, is staggered by the nobility of the boy King, who, when the written promise to put away the wife who had blighted his whole life wis presented for this signature, refused to submit, and for that refusal, and, perhaps, only for that, was put to death by the human bloodhounds, whose lust for indiscriminate slaughter has appalled the world."

There seems to be little doubt that

There seems to be little doubt that Queen Draga was a corrupt women, and that she exercised direful and dominating influence over her young husband. It may be, therefore, that his sacrifice was made through fear of his spouse, but we are willing to give the young man the benefit of the doubt, and if Mr. Bonsal's story is true, King Alexander deserves to be he ored as one of the bright and particular knights of latter day chivalry.

Some of the newspapers are saying that while the South's representative song "Dixie" is all right so far as the in spiring air goes, the words are ridiculous, and that a new southern song should be written to the tune of "Dixie."

The words are not such as a cultivated southern man would have written, but they are not altogether ridiculous. They have a meaning and the sentiment of the composition; basides it is necessary that song is all right. There is affection in follow the distilleries to Virginia, a zhey should come together to assist one almost every line, and the words and keep right on drawing their per diem.

the air are so intimately associated that the southern people will never consent to a change, even though the finest poet in the land should write new words.

"I wish I was in Dixle"-that is the theme of the song and it is full of plety and patriotism.

The season is early for it and the weather is cooler than usually accom-panies the visit of the sea serpent, but one has just been reported "seen." Second Mate Gray, of the steamer Tresco, which lately arrived in Philadelphia, says that ninety miles north of Cape Hatteras he saw a school of sharks running wildly. Behind them seemed to be a derelict. The Tresco steamed up towards it, when they were horrified by its raising its neck fifteen feet above the water. It was a hundred feet long, with a body like a snake and a head like a dragon. It turned around and looked at the Tresco, and then made off, leaving a

Mate Gray is backed up in this story by the captain and other officers of the ship, and it is stated that they are all prepared to make affidavit, corroborating the mate. However, nobody has asked them to do so. Why should any affidavits be needed? Hasn't this sea serpent been seen over and oft?

The Williamsburg Gazetto says that "every day the courthouse green is cov-ered with a crowd of loiling boys, mostly colored. They are large enough to do a good day's work, and thereby earn money to support themselves. Their mothers and sisters are cooking or washing to feed them."

Boys who are reared in this way, whether they be white or colored, are being educated for the workhouse or the penitentiary. Idleness is the devil's workshop.

Gazette thinks that the Council should take a hand in the matter and disperse the lonfers. Undoubtedly so. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound

It is said that a tar-macadam roadway is almost dustless. If so, it would suit Richmond admirably. Dust has full swing here. We know of no other place that dries more quickly after a rain, or whose dust rises easier or travels faster When we reach the time when our city improvement, we shall move that the tarmacadam be given a trial. What we want is a roadbed that will stick, and not pulverize under cart wheels, and fly away on the wings of the wind.

The Board of Visitors is a very dignifled body, and may take much time to give the University a president, but when it does get down to business it will select a good one. There is little fear about that.

A dispatch gravely informs us that "the President's patience with Columbia is almost exhausted." We all know what happened when the President lost his patience with that New England motorman.

trouble finding a first President for the United States as she is experiencing in selecting the first president of her Uni-

The strikers that have had the Chicago restaurant; closed as tight as a steel trap are limbering up, and the Chicagoans do not now have to send to St. Louis for sandwiches.

St. Louis is not selfish. She is encour aging county fairs in Missouri and Illinois as feeders to her big show of next

After all, the lovliness of the June bride is due in some measure to the expertness of the tired dressmaker.

off and predicted early frosts for next fall. O! for a General Dix to shoot him

According to the Boston Globe, the New England drought is not yet broken but just cracked. A railway line will soon fringe the fa-

ous river, and Jordan will no longer be a hard road to travel. And now the cloudbursts are hovering

the land would be safe. If the party will over the hills of Oregon and Montana, and, as usual, doing a lot of damage, Strike or no strike: That is the question. Everybody except the sprinters are

> It is sometimes easier to select a Pres ident of the United States, than a president of a State University.

wishing for no strike.

Virginia's Corporation Commission is threatening to make New Jersey take a back seat in the charter exchange.

Overcoats comfortable in June. Strange things are happening in old Virgintt. It is Karageorgevitch no more, but

Peter L. Thanks for that much relief Colonel Slemp is now the Virginia explainer of "de perwisions ob de bill."

With a Comment or Two Greensboro enjoys the distinction of being the first town to have a husband swear the peace against his wife. He says he is afraid she will do him bodily harm.—Greensboro Record,

That town of Greensboro has always

had a reputation for its nervy men. The Richmond Times-Dispatch yows that if they ever get over the present deluge that paper will never again complain of drought. Our contemporary should remember the old couplet beginning. When the devil was sick," and not make any rash promises.—Montgomery

The advice is accepted with thanks.

According to the dispatches, the lynching of the negro school teacher in Belleville. Ill., at midnight on Saturday took place in the presence of 1.500 persons, "many of whom were women." Strange to say. Northern editors give little space to the affair and do not appear to be in the jeast excited.—Macon Telegraph.

Nothing strange about it. Negro lynch-Nothing strange about it. Negro lynchngs are getting to be so common in the North they have ceased to excite.

That five hundred distillery storekeepers will lose their jobs in North Carolina at the close of this month is hard on them, and the G. O. P. of the State. This is one of the not unforeseen effects of the enactment of the Watts law.—Winston-Salem Sentinel.

Not so bard ou them. They will just Not so hard on them. They will just follow the distilleries to Virginia, and

The Farmville Heraid says: Congressman Flood is reported as saying that Senator Martin, like Senator Daniel, will have a "walk over," On the contrary it's going to be as lively a race as even the old-time Virginian witnessed at Broad Rock. Montague and Braxton are thoroughbreds and no man can beat them in a walk.

The Norfolk County Democrat sees fur ahead. It says: On the whole the next campaign for the Governorship promises to be quite as warm and exciting as the last with the chances in favor of its ending in a free for all in the convention, for it is not likely that any one candidate will secure a majority of the delegates.

The Charlottesville Progress, speculating on what may be a result of the halloting for president of the University says: "If, therefore, the selection of the board seems to us a calamity or mistor tune, we should rush in and avert it the institution we love so well should seem to totter, we should brace it up. We should be true and loyal in advertix as well as in prosperity and the future success of the institution is assured.

The Potomac Progress throws up this bid: The recent experiences that other States have had with floods and storms, and the previous records of such happenings in those localities, should call attention to Virginia, and especially to this section of Virginia, where floods and storms with serious results have never been known by any living person.

The Fredericksburg Star wants a kind of double-barreled glorious Fourth. It says: The Barksdale bill goes into effect on July 1st. If it was July 4th instead, we could jointly celebrate the Declaration of Independence and the declaration of non-corruption contained in the bill,

### A Few Foreign Facts.

The completion of the Nile works within the time specified has, says Sir John Aird, resulted in a saving to the Egyptian government of \$4,000,000.

The number of murders per million population is 5.13 in England, 5.45 in Germany, 11.55 in France, 15.42 in Austria, 76.11 in Italy and 44.76 in Spain.

The number of young men leaving Austria and Hungary is so great that the government of both countries are making strenuous efforts to stop it. The Braun-Siemens system of wireless telegraphy has been tested on moving railway trains in Germany. The mes-sages proved absolutely reliable.

It is said that the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, which are said to be used to develop electrical energy, have an estimated horse power of 35,000,000 as compared with Niagara's 7,500,000.

The largest airship yet constructed is to be built at St. Ouen. It has been designed by Senor Jose de Patrocini, who has received a subsidy from the Brazilian government for the purpose.

The imports of the countries grouped in a semicircle abount Manila as a dis-tributing point amount to \$100,000,000 a month, of which the United States sup-plies but one-tenth.

### North Carolina Sentiment

The Raleigh Post makes this note: Our Georgia contemporaries are laughing at the report that while in that State last week the Governor of North Carolina offered the Governor of South Carolina adrink of water. What occasions the hilarity is that this seems to have been all that passed between them. But water was all the go in South Carolina last week.

The Winston-Salem Sentinel has a way of asking for what it wants. It says: Missouri, Kentucky and Virginia have about decided to have fine tobacco exhibits at the St. Louis Exposition, and North Carolina ought to be right in the push. North Carolina is second only to Kentucky as a tobacco growing State, and second only to Missouri as a tobacco mnaufacturing State.

The Raleigh News-Observer offers this riddle: Within the past week this paper has printed on its society page five separate announcements of North Carolina folks going to Europe to spend the summer, Are we getting rich or what prompts us to go abroad?

The Wilmington Star is getting fright-ened. It says: Should the Republican party remain in power ten years longer an in-vestigation will have to be instituted to ascertain who stole the White House.

The Charlotte Chronicle says: Mr. Cleveland never crosses bridges until he gets to them. He has no more to say about the talk of making him president of the University of Virginia than he has about the talk of making him the nomine of his party for the next presidential race.

## DAILY FASHION HINTS.

## GIRL'S PLEATED FROCK.

Box-pleated effects in girls' dresse are especially appropriate for this sca-son's wash materials. The box pleats, extending from neck to bottom of skirt, are stitched to waist length. The dress is fastened in the front and may be worn with a patent-leather, silk or belt of the same material as the dress. If desired, a lace collar may add to the attractiveness of this simple little design.

No. 4,888—Sizes for 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 No. 4,388—8 and 12 years.



On receipt of 10 cents this pattern wil sent to any address. All orders must directed to THE LITTLE FOLKS York. When ordering please do not fall to mention number.

No. 4.388.

Name .....

Address ......

# \*\*Half Hour With Solitors. Solitors.

Author of "Nabobs and Knaves," "Sealed Lips," "Blue Blood and Red,"
Etc., Etc., Copyright by Author.

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN VAN HAUSEN.

With anchor tripped and rounded and sheets hauled home, just as daybreak brought into relief the rugged rocks and reefs which guard the entrance to the harbor of Amoy, the Nord Brandt crept out into the long, steady swell of the China Sea. There she caught a fresh land breeze and bore away northward, all unconsclous that she was speeding to her fate.

It was Walton's first breathing spell

was Walton's first breathing spell after getting the brig under way, and as he came down from the larboard for-shrouds he encountered Ben Logan, their first opportunity for words aside since

"What do you say now, Ben?" he demanded softly, drawing the seaman toward the weather rail.

Ben grinned half-dismally.
"I say we're in for better or wuss, lad, like a lubber married," he repiled.
"I reckon the crew is square, but I'm foggy as the banks about one thing."
"What's that, Ben?"
"The devil you say!" muttered Archie, with quickened interest.
"Aye, lad, two o' them, devil or no devil. I got it from yonder blatherskite in the galley. They came aboard afore we did."
"That's strange!"
"Your head's not the only one with

"That's strange!"

"Your head's not the only one with that idee in it." vouchsafed Ben. "From what I heered aloft, none o' the lads looked for the like, and none o' theilke it. Women has sharp eyes and limber tongues, and Jacks with brains don't fancy chances agin them odds. Avast, lad! Here's the mate!"

The approach of their friend of the previous night cut short their discussion, and he greeted them with a shrug and a laugh.

previous night cut short their discussion, and he greeted them with a shrug and a laugh.

"We're off, lads." said he. "I've told Van Hausen about you, and it's all to his liking. But he's in a h-1 of a bad humor this morning. You'll know why later. I've put you two in the same watch, as being most to your liking."

"Thankee, sir, thankee," said Ben, twisging his forelock. "We're both well pleased, sir, my word for 't."

But Walton's gaze was turned aft, and his mind was with doubtful misgivings upon the occupants of the cabin. The presence of women did not seem consistent with the contemplated desperate venture, and he more than wished himself out of it. And the dark looks on the faces of some of the crew, who were a reugh set of men of mixed nationalities, indicated that Walton was not alone with such sentiments.

Before the sun was fairly into the heavens, the perfect day of which the leavens, the perfect day of which the dawn had given pressage underwent a change. The wind veered suddenly to the north, slapping the sails aback, and presently died away to mere catspaws at the

dawn had given presage underwent a change. The wind veered suddenly to the north, slapping the sails aback, and presently died away to mere catapaws at infrequent intervals. The sun lost its blinding dazzle in a bank of gray clouds, becoming first a copper-hued ball in the dull sky, and then vanishing entirely, while the low line of shore grew indistinct, and the horizon to the south and west was gradually velled by a slowly rising mist, which threatened ere long to shut in the entire sweep of placid sea.

Through the close and humid atmos-

Through the close and humid atmosphere one sail only was at that time visible. Away off to the southwest, nearly hull down, a schooner, carrying lower sails, was bearing to the northeast. As the wind abated and the fog threatened to close in the view, she shook out her topsails also and veered to a point west of north, on a course that should intercept the Nord Brandt at a later hour. But this sail, too, was lost long before noon.

She had seemed to occasion rather She had seemed to occasion rather more than a cursory interest in the mind of Lieutenant Vail, who had come on deak immediately after breakfast and fell to watching her with clouded eyes. This had continued for some time, the

something to say to you!"

Vall started slightly, but without misgivings followed the speaker to the walst. At the same time Archie Walton was ordered aft to relieve the man at the

wheel. Having led his companion out of probable hearing from the cabin, Van Hausen at once came down to business, saying with a gruffness the more marked because of his murdered English, which is here expunged:

"You're a lieutenant in the British navy, I hear, and relieved from the War Hawk."

"I am: yes!"

Hawk."

"I am; yes!"

"Well, I'm d—d sorry for it!"

A quick frown settled about the officer's eyes, in which a gleam of vague apprehension instantly appeared; and he

ipprenension instantly appeared; ar lemanded, half in his throat: "Why so, Captain Van Hausen?"

"Why so, Captain Van Hausen?"
"Because in taking passage on the
Nord Brandt, you have put yourself
and your women in a bad box, Lieutenant Vall! Don't think this favor was accorded willingly, sir! My vessel is just
now chartered by the Chinese government, with which your infernal commander had sufficient influence to procure you this passage, which the circumstances did not permit of my refusing without self-betrayal."

"Betrayal of what, Captain Van Hausen?"

Of the fact that we have smuggled

sen?
"Of the fact that we have smuggled arms aboard, which we mean to sell to the rebel army," said Van Hausen, bluntly.
Vall started slightly, then smiled.
"I appreciate the situation now," said he. "A refusal to take us as passengers, the sanction of the government having been secured, would have aroused the government's suspiciou. Of course, of course! Yes, I now appreciate the situation, Capitain Van Hausen."
"O, you do, ch! And what have you to say?"
"Merely that it is no affair of mine, sir," replied Vall, indifferently. "I am in fact, sorry you even mentioned it. I presume your plan is to transfer your emuggled equipments to a lurcher by night, before arriving in Shanghai, and to send them inland with a part of your



-----

crew by the Yangtae-kiang. Is that it?"
"Aye, that is it! And the question is, will you close your eyes to the whole business?"
"Suppose I do not, sir?"
"Then," and Van Hausen vented an ugly oath, "they'll be closed in a way you will not like, and closed for keeps! Your women, who are bound for English down will not know what is done aboard the Nord Brandt by night; but you, who will return to duty here—"
"Pardon, Captain Van Hausen!" interposed Vall, with a slight curl of his lip. "This design of yours and your crew is no affair of mine. Pray don't let my presence interfere with it. You may feel perfectly assured, and so assure your crew, that I shall wink at the whole affair. All I ask of you, Captain Van Hausen, is to set me and my companions safely in Melbourne. I give you my word that, on reporting for duty, I shall know absolutely nothing of what may have transpired any night aboard the Nord Brandt."
"If I can rely upon your word—"
"Sir, the word of an English naval officer is always reliable!"
"Then, by heaven, the box may not be so bad after all!"
Under Vail's dignified assurances, Captain Van Hausen had relaxed in a marked degree. A subdued discussion followed which evidently proved satisfactory to both, for the latter presently took the young officer's arm and led him forward, and into conversation with the mate and several of the crew. But in the making of his promises, Vall knew more than any there what might transpire ere the close of another day.

Meantime Archie Walton had repaired to the wheel, and save himself the after deck was deserted. Without knowledsd precisely why, he had welcomed this duty which took him within wiew of the cabin, but his vague curiosity as to what the female passengers were like was not immediately gratified. A glance down the companion showed that the cabin was vacant, and, there being scarce air to give the vessel way, Walton fell to not immediately gratified. A glance down the companion showed that the cabin was vacant, and, there being scarce air to give the vessel w

which was destined to shape his entire future career.

Emily emerged from her stateroom a little later, where Lady Somers still was in her berth, both having taken their coffee before rising. She looked divinely pretty, with the fleece of her wavy hair lending a golden glory to her sweet face and the graceful contour of her perfect figure accentuated by a close traveling dress of silver gray. She would have climbed the companion stairs, when suddenly observing the man dreaming at the wheel, she hesitated, a little startled.

She had seen many seamen in her travels, but never one like this. His cap had been pitched back on his head and she wondered why he came to be a seaman, with such a face ag his. That lofty brow, with knots of loose, dark hair striving hard to curl and the thoughtful eyes, the gravity of the set lips, the well-poised head and fair muscular neck, disclosed nearly to his broad chest by the fold of his wide blue collar—these did not belong to her idea of a common seaman.

A light like that of involuntary ad-

her.

A full tide of crimson swept like a
flash over his neck and cheeks and brow,
as when the heart leaps with a sudden
wild start, and the blood courses as if the veins could scarce contain it. In-stinctively he drew himself up, and his hand went to his cap. Emily Somers would have been blind

had she not observed, and her own color deepened. She felt a little embarrassed, but to retreat would have served only to betray it. Half, smiling with a witching light in her wondrous blue eyes, she came nearer the stairs and asked: nearer the stairs and asked:
"It is wet up there, Mr.—Mr.—Sailor?"
"Walton choked down in his throat a
lump that was born of sudden sweeping
agony. The vision that had met his
startled gaze had recalled a vision of something lost, perhaps never again to be found in this world. Yet he steaded

himself, and with exquisite gentleness

answered:
"Not precisely wet, lady, but the air is quite misty."
"May I come up there?"
"I think there will be no objections made." His language brought back the old

thought, and again she wondered.
"Perhaps not." she replied; "if I come
only far enough to see out."
"I think not, lady. Can I assist you?"
"O, thank you, no! I easily can—ah,
you are very kind!"
Walton had briefly left the wheel and
given her his hand; till she had mounted

given her his hand, till she had mounted the stairs and stood in the companion-

"I'm sorry to have troubled you," she added. "It really was no trouble, Miss-O, I

neg pardon!" He caught himself with a sudden flush, He caught intesel with a square little, ag if the inquiring inflection with which he had involuntarily addressed her was betraying unwarrantable curlosity or some phase of his own character which he fain would conceal.

It had appeared to Emily like the con-

and appeared to Emily like the con-sideration born of culture or good breed-ing, and once more she wondered why this man came to be a common seaman. She smilled faintly, with a growing in-terest in her artless eyes, and said ingenuously: "My name is Somers, sir. Miss Som-

walton bowed, coloring even deeper when he saw that his perturbation had been noticed.

"I did not intend to be inquisitive," he said gravely, with the simplicity of true gentility.

"Of that I am very sure, sir!" said. Emily, smiling archly, "How dreadfully misty it is this morning, isn't it? And scarcely a breath of wind. We shall never make Shanghai at this rate, shall we?" I think the weather may improve as

we?"
"I think the weather may improve as the sun nears the meridian," Walton answered. "I hope so, at all events."
"So do I," nodded Emilly. "We are on our way to our home in England, mamand I; but if our progress is to be measured by the present, I think we bid fair to pass the rest of our lives aboard ship, don't you?"
Walton, who had till now appeared verber grave irresistibly doned in the

Waiton, who had till now appeared rather grave, irresistibly joined in the ripple of laughter that foll from the gir's lips along with her latter words. The change augmented the attractiveness of his fine countenance, while there stole into his eyes, now frankly meeting, hers, a light that thrilled her with its gental tenderness and winsome frankness.

"It looks now as if you might, I will admit," he replied lightly. "But I will try to whistia up a wind for you by and by, Miss Somers."

"And let it be a fair wind, won't you?" she pleaded, archly.

With a tremor fallen on him he impulsively returned, yet with a fervor void of the faintest shadow of disrespect:

"I would blush to be guilty of causing anything adverse to your comforts, I assure you."

She looked at him steadily for a mo-

"To-Day's Advertising Talk."

# SOME PEOPLE

are heard to say. "I never read advertising," They are mistaken.

They do read advertis-

They may not sit down and make a business of reading the advertising, but they do read the advertising unconsciously and can tell you who the leading advertisers in their daily paper are.

You will also find that these very same people patronize advertised stores and buy advertised goods for their ta-

They are being influenced by advertising without knowing it.

The best paper to influence all buyers is The Times-Dispatch. It goes to the homes of many thousand people early in the morning, just the time when advertising is read.

ment, with a warmer glow rising over her cheeks, and an expression of graver interest in her lovely eyes. Then she said with lowered voice and a sincere ap-preciation: "You speak very kindly, sir, and very se one who—ah, sir, I think you are

like one who—ah, sir, I think you are not what you are! I thank you for hav-ing given—O, Cousin Robert, here you

ing given—O, Cousin Robert, here you are!"

"So you have put in an appearance, Emily," smiled Lieutenant Vall, who just then returned to the after deck, "Hast Lady Somers risen?"

"Not yet, cousin."

"I think you will be wise if you remain below."

"Why so, Robert?"

"Partly because it is rather damp above board, and partly—"

He paused for a moment, casting a searching glance over the sea to the southwest, then moodly added:

"Come, I will join you in the cabin!"

The sail to the south had disappeared.

Their withdrawal to the cabin ended the first chapter of a very long story, in which all that is sweetest and dearest in life was thereafter involved. Walton finished his trick at the wheel and then went forward, but he carried with him through the mists of the day and the nim through the mists of the day and the darkness of the ensuing night the vision of a face that nevermore would pass from memory's pages, and the sound of a voice as sweet as ever falls on mortal

(To be continued to-morrow.)



"Oh! give me back my rod neck-tie, My yaller dog and my kitten, My colored photograph" You leather-lung giraffe, For I have given you the mitten."

As Archibald Schmythe sang this beauiful ballad, he reached the tow-path that
led past Gwyndolyn Bjones' cottage.
And the fair Gwyndolyn, as sheceived the sight of his voice, kissed her
hand and threw it far out toward the
Garchic caught the hand in his own and
pressed it to his lips like he would one
of George Bannister's cod-fash balls.
But he passed on up the tow-path, lazily, as the sun sank behind the Chemical
Works, and sang again.

"Oh, a long time to come, I remember all alone in the poornouse a maiden did dwell; She lived with her mother, and father sorene. Her ago it was red and her hair teen!"

Sweet Gwyn leaned far out the window and hung upon his words.
Suddenly his voice hushed, and the fair young thing fell to the ground and broke the monotony.
Heavens! she ejaculated, as she picked up a spade and buried her hands in her face. her face.

After a moment's silence, disturbed only by the flutter of wings as Time flew by, she stuck her head in the door and wrung her hands.

And Archie was right.

The girl loved him.

But it didn't make a particle of difference, for the path ran up the hill just the same, and the boatman tried to pull up the river.

the same, and up the river.

"This girl had a lover, who near off did dwell.

A bandy-backed rooster, and hump-legged as well;
Said he, Fly away with me, by the light of yon star.

For you are the eye of my apple—you are.

And as the voice disappeared, poor Gwyn's heart ached.
Hut she jumped through the window, and the pane was gone.

THE IND.

THE END. We are ready to supply stories like the above at the slightest provocation to publishers of magazines, newspapers, books and pamphlets, and will guarantee entire satisfaction, or money returned.

satisfaction, or money returned.

With the coming of the morrow we shall hie us hence to the shades of the boardwalk at Beach Park, where we may think up thoughts to give to the dear readers of this column.

Inspiration comes to us whenever we sit out upon the board-walk, and watch the pathers beneath us and the fishermen out on the broad York River.

We love to reach down and gather the crabs to bring home to the Six Barefooted Ones and the Brown-Eyed Girl.

So fare the well until then.

They tell us that we need only go to Huckroe Beach to take a trip to Slam, and we are goner go there to see what it was.

Mr. Joe West told us, and he never tells us anything but facts.

Anyhow, we shall take advantage of the opportunity to go to Buckroe to investigate, and to see our old friend, Manager Charlie Rex.

WASD LUMBER
THE INTERIOR OF T